

Ivy *Leaves*

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*Anderson College
Art & Literary Magazine*



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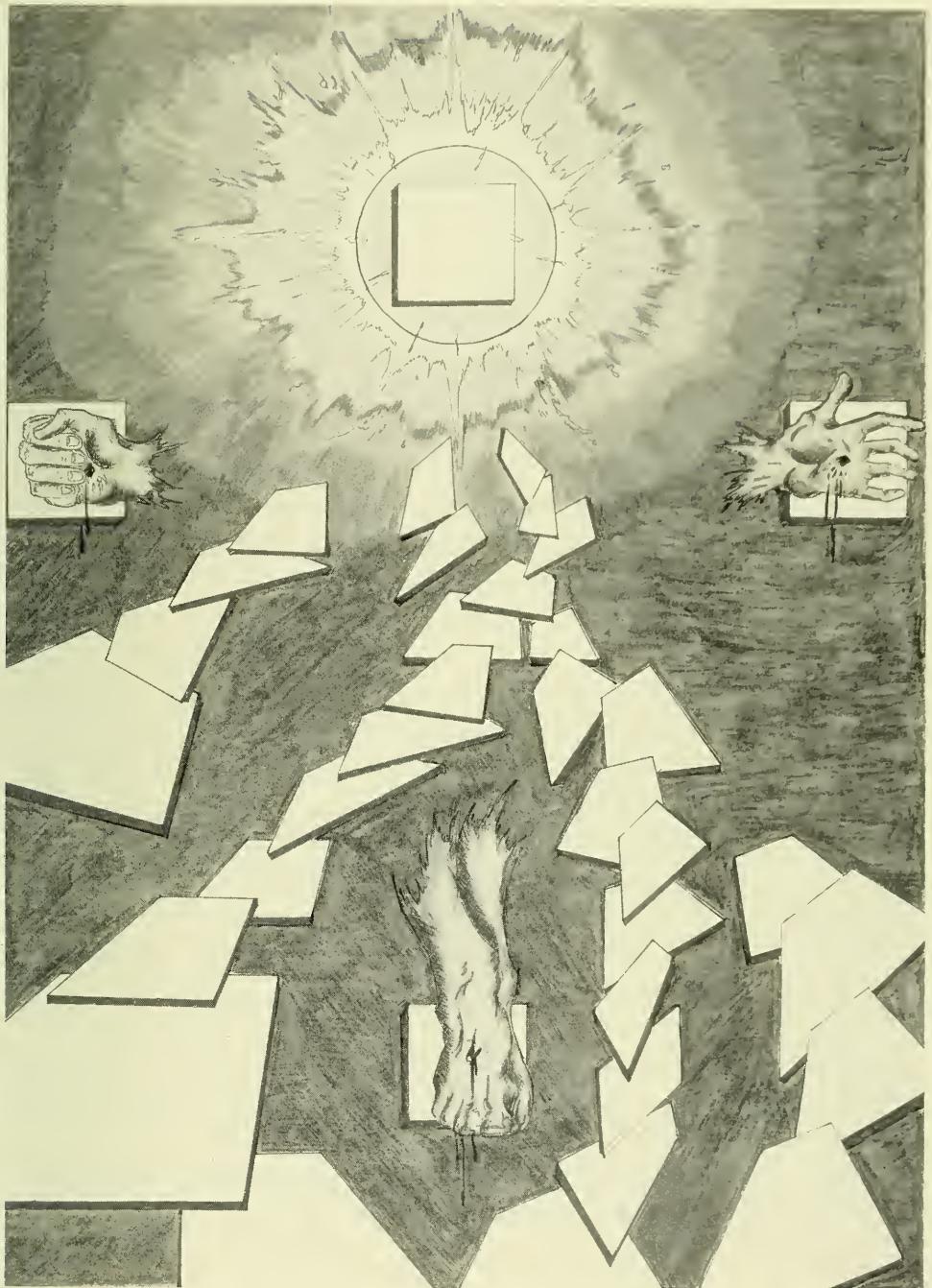
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Cheryl Harring

Black & White Conte Crayon



Brent Smith

Mixed Media Drawing

But Towards Morning

The sunset drowns into the liquid sky,
wetting the tops of the trees and
extinguishing smoke on the horizon.
For a moment it lights the distance
with pinks, purples, and oranges
then it fades into blues and blacks
and bathes another day before
putting it softly to bed.

Such beauty wakes the wicked
like the sanctity of a child when
first fallen to evening slumber.
With a rising and falling with each breath,
Like the sun which barely sets,
The night rests on. . . .

Does it rise in east or in the west?
Does it matter that it rises at all?
Wake softly, child and tread the waters
of a fitful, restless sun
for it will drown as all the rest have done
as it leaves with a breathless bow.

—Teri Smith

Lilac Evening
(for Jack Kerouac)

As darkness overcomes the eye that earlier
watched the smoke crawl and curl
from the last lingering cigarette;
strange and ragged like the Prophet
the sandman comes. . . .

At lilac evening he slips through
the damp which hangs thick and wet
outside the window where the **lights**
of 27th and Welton blink patterns
of stop and go. . . .

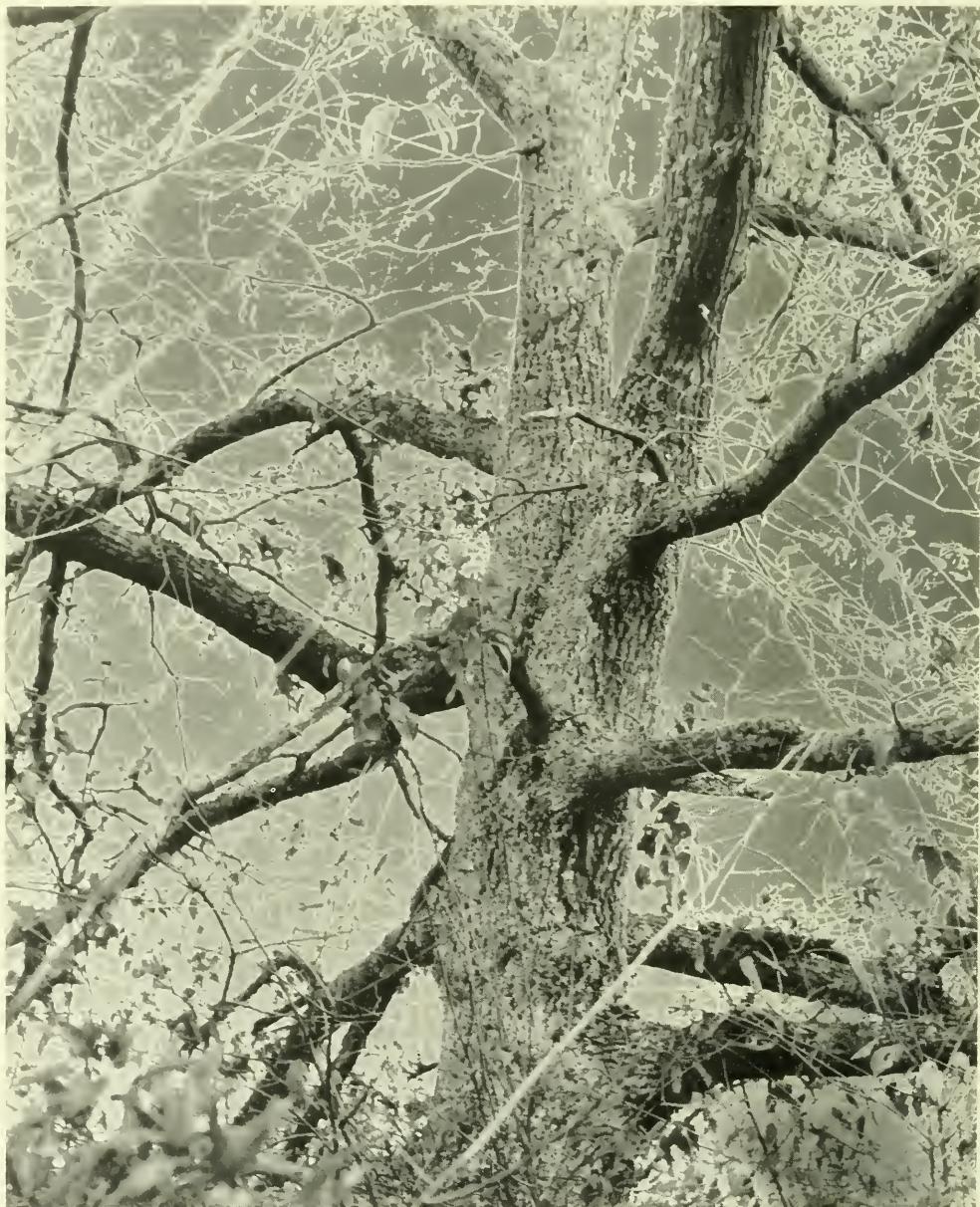
The beat of the last nightsong twists
and fades like a kiss from the mouth
of some painted angel with no name
and a witch-doctor face
of no nature. . . .

into a **cobwebby dream** is heard
the last breath of evening heavy
with liquor and language that
seems to rise and fall in sighs
drunk with laughter. . . .

The last scream is heard
“Don’t die and go to
heaven, start in on
Doctor Pepper and
end up on whisky!”

Then the sandman takes over
bringing slumber from a tin-can
or pouring it from a bottle
like halcyon floating on nightwind
on the **senseless nightmare road** . . .

—Teri Smith



Angie Martin

Photograph

'Cuda

Ambition, 1991

And Gary sold the 'Cuda—bought
A yellow Porsche. I guess he wants
To get a girlfriend now instead
Of Mopar cars. On Friday nights,
He goes to Whispers, drinking slow
And watching women—women love
Him, always have. He doesn't talk
To Bent or Wesley anymore,

Not since the wreck 12 years ago.
I guess he wants a girlfriend since
The limp is almost gone—not quite.
He lives at home with his mom still.

That car—the 'Cuda, not the Porsche—
Was great. Maroon with leather seats. . . .

—Anna Whalen

*Grandmother's Home
(Dedicated to Mary Ellen Tysinger)*

I went there yesterday—
to the place that you loved so well.
It was still pretty. The sunlight
filtered through the trees
dappled the clear water with gold,
cut through the translucent liquid
that spilled over the boulders
before tumbling into the
shallow pool below. The water
flowed on, unchecked now by
the dam we had built.

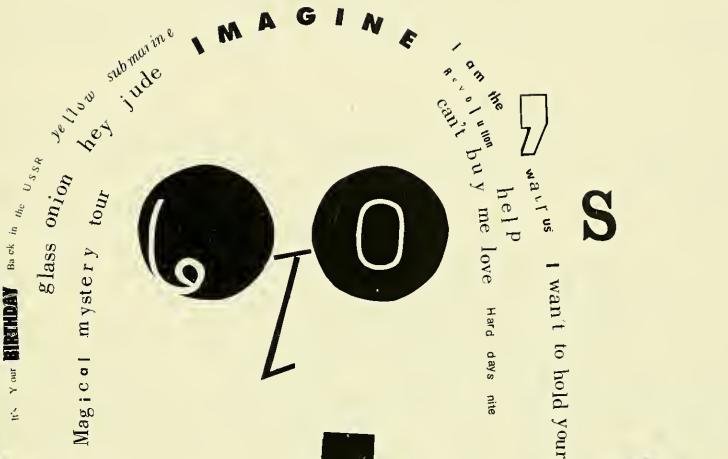
The rocks lay scattered
along the creekbed.
The fortified wall now
crumbled debris.
I told the others that we would
have to rebuild what the storm
destroyed. They didn't seem to care.
Unfamiliar children's laughter bounced
off the rocks, and insects scurried to hide.

I trudged back to the house
stopping to relieve the
overflowing mailbox of it's load—
729 Rocky Bottom Rd.
Sunset, S.C.
the envelopes all read.
The address permanently
engraved in my mind—
I never could remember it
until now.

- Mary Nell Tysinger

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BEATLES



Kim Elmore

Collage

Don Q

Here lies the noble fearless knight,
Whose valor rose to such a height;
When Death at last did strike him down,
His was the victory and renown.
He reck'd the world of little prize,
And was a bugbear in men's eyes;
But had the fortune in his age
To live a fool and die a sage.

—Don Quixote

I hate fish, but my brother Tim took me to a seafood restaurant on the lake. Outside, we sat in plastic white chairs on a balcony. It was supposed to be a nice place to eat. The waiter brought us a green candle to keep away the mosquitos.

“What’s your house rum?”

“Don Q.”

“Oh, God,” I laughed. “Oh, God, never mind.”

Then, I couldn’t stop. Giggles floated out of my mouth and echoed off the water. When I couldn’t catch my breath, I laughed harder—in gasps and sputters. People looked up from their plates of scallops and catfish. The waiter shifted and sighed. Don Quixote had been turning up everywhere lately and every time he did, I thought of my father.

“What?” my brother grinned.

My paper napkin was soaked with mascara and tears. “Nothing.”

“Can I get you something besides rum, ma’am?”

“I think I’ll have a glass of champagne.”

We’d just left our father’s funeral. Well, no, we’d just left the mortuary. But funeral homes are always worse than the actual funerals themselves.

A woman with a rainbow shooting star earring had run toward me as I walked to the coffin. “I’m so sorry!” When she hugged me, an earring snagged my hair.

“Ow!”

“They did a good job on him. Especially the little bald spot. And the casket’s real pretty.”

When she wandered off, I looked at Tim. “Who was that?”

“Maybe a stepmother we forgot about.”

In the soft light of the funeral parlor, I dared to close my eyes. The overstuffed pink velvet sofa begged me to sleep. A plastic fern brushed my elbow. Finally, I looked at the room of people. Everyone was here—except Mom. Even the current girlfriend showed up. She was twenty years older than his usual

type—which made her his age instead of mine. She was still a stewardess, though. His friends, busy catching up and reminiscing, laughed too much. The rest of the evening, they would get loud then remember it was a funeral.

In a pack, the former stepmothers circled me. They all looked the same—too much makeup, too much gold jewelry, teased orange hair. Tim called them “The Lucys.” With earrings like door knockers, LUCY #4 spoke for the group.

“Marie, we have something to ask you. . . .”

“What?”

“Is there anything, in particular, you want from your father’s house?

“Nope.”

They stopped hovering. “Nothing? Nothing at all you want to remember him by?”

“Nah.”

LUCY #1 stepped forward. “You sure? Not even his windmill collection from Amsterdam?”

“I’ve got my own windmills, thank you.”

They released me to hunt for Tim.

Most people thought Dad was a pilot. He worked at Delta as a ramp serviceman—the guy who throws the luggage in the plane’s belly. During the summers, he vacationed in Mexico. In winter, it was San Francisco. If anything was left over, he paid child support.

Never looking at his face, I took an envelope out of my purse and put it in the coffin—inside his pocket. It didn’t smell like Dad.

He always disagreed with me—about anything. He was never wrong—ever. Once, we had a \$5 bet about which president served two, nonconsecutive terms. I said Grover Cleveland.

“Nah,” he said, “McKinley. He was assassinated his second term.” Then, he stared over his bifocals. “Call the library and find out.”

I never called and he never paid up.

After he and Mom divorced, I went to his house one weekend. My brother Tim stayed at home and fished with our new stepdad. Of course, I shouldn’t have come either. Dad and I had never gotten along. Bored, I scanned the pictures in the hallway.

“Hey, Dad!” I called.

In the den, he looked up from his book. “Don’t yell, Marie.”

“Dad, what’s this?”

The framed pen and ink drawing wasn’t great—a few black squiggles with a signature. I made out a tall bearded man, a short fat person, and a horse.

He stepped away from his desk. “Oh, c’mom. You don’t know who that is?”

“Nah.”

“Don’t say ‘nah.’ Say ‘yes’ or ‘no.’”

“No,” I whispered. “I don’t know who that is.”

"That," he tapped his pipe on the sole of his shoe, "is a drawing of Don Quixote and his sidekick Sancho Panza. Sharon and I bought that on our honeymoon in Cancun."

Sharon was LUCY #2.

"Well, who were they?"

"They were heroes—who chased windmills."

"That's dumb."

He shrugged then dropped a circle of ash into the trash can. "It's just a story."

After that, Don Quixote followed me. In college, his name popped up in all my classes. Dad never said it was a book. Stamped on the bottom corner of every page, Don Q and his horse raided my Spanish book. In lit classes, each professor asked me to define "picaresque hero."

"Don Quixote," I mumbled every time, although I had never read it—or had any idea what "picaresque" meant.

My favorite museum installed a wire statue of him on the horse. Above my shoulders, the iridescent metal loomed—pink, green, purple flecks. He did not remind me of travel and adventure—only of my father's failures.

Finally, Dad died one day. No more screaming phone calls. No more checks without letters in the mail. No, that's not true. He'd write notes in the bottom corner where it says "For _____. " He'd fill that in. For birthday. For vacation. For new shoes. For Christmas. For tickets.

Once, after arguing long-distance for an hour, I finally screamed, "When we hang up, you're just gonna write a check—"

He said something under his breath then sighed. "You need money?"

"And you're not even gonna put a note with it!" I tried to shock him, "And when I get married, you're not walking me down the aisle—Melea is."

"Well, that's nice."

Four days later, the envelope with the familiar blue scrawls arrived. His handwriting looked as if he'd just dashed it off—and he had. The check read, "For 4th of July." Then, I unfolded a piece of white paper, smaller than the check. The words—barely legible—said, "Just thought I'd write you a little note:  . " I keep it—in case I ever need proof that it was his fault instead of mine. It's more a symbol of my frustration than of his insensitivity. How could I reason with someone like that? What was the point?

I wished him dead for so long, now I felt guilty—almost. For years, a black dress hung in my closet—ironed and hopeful. Five years ago, I was supposed to buy a dress for Uncle Nick's wedding but found a black one instead. The tiny white flower pattern made it somber but not solemn. The sleeves were long but thin—in case weather was a factor. It was even half price. I removed the tags today and wore it.

I ordered another glass of champagne. The pink bubbles floated along the rim of the glass.

"What'd you put in Dad's coat?" Tim tapped his pip on the heel of his shoe. "A letter?"

"Nah." I finished the glass. "I'm going to the bathroom."

Three doors lined the narrow hall. Hoping it was the right one, I walked toward the sign marked MERMAIDS. Women surely couldn't be CAPTAINS. I stopped then looked at the three doors. Finally, I walked into HANDICAPPED and locked myself in. The tears came—not the laughing kind, either. My sleeve caught most of them. I blew my nose and waited till the redness left my face. I washed my hands then returned to the splintered deck.

At the table, I noticed my brother was losing his hair. "You're going bald, Tim Junior."

"Don't call me that."

I laughed—too much champagne. "Little Tim."

"He like you best, Marie."

"That's not saying much."

"No, he really did. Or he wouldn't have fought with you so much."

"Nah."

"I always got along better with Melea."

Who couldn't get along with Melea? Our stepfather is one of those eternally patient, pleasant men. But, Mom divorced him last year—not enough excitement she said. He taught us how to drive, helped us with our homework, things like that. When the other kids teased me in gym class, he bought a volleyball and a net then showed me how to served. He even came to the funeral home.

"Very sorry about your father, Marie," he'd said and hugged me so hard my neck popped. "I know you two had your issues."

That was Melea. He mentioned a subject just enough—in case I wanted to talk. I didn't.

"Come see me. Tim and the boys visit all the time, but I don't see you—unless it's the holidays."

"Ok."

Each year I meant to visit Melea but always put it off till Christmas. I had trouble interacting with someone so nice.

Across the table, Tim looked like Dad—a little softer, though, from Melea's influence. My brother's face was smooth—no veins on his forehead. When Tim and I played too loudly as kids, Dad's vein popped up.

"You animals!" he'd yell. "Duke acts better than you kids do!"

Duke was Dad's hunting dog. I wondered if Tim ever called his two sons animals.

"What are you thinking?" Tim asked.

Then, the laughing started again. Why was this happening to me? I was louder than the band. I laughed so much, the manager came to the table.

"Ma'am, we're glad you're having a good time, and all, but you need to

keep it down, ok?"

Tim just sat there with a faint grin, not embarrassed, not even curious as to what was so funny. Just like Melea.

"What did you have in that envelope? Pictures?"

"Nah."

"Anything?"

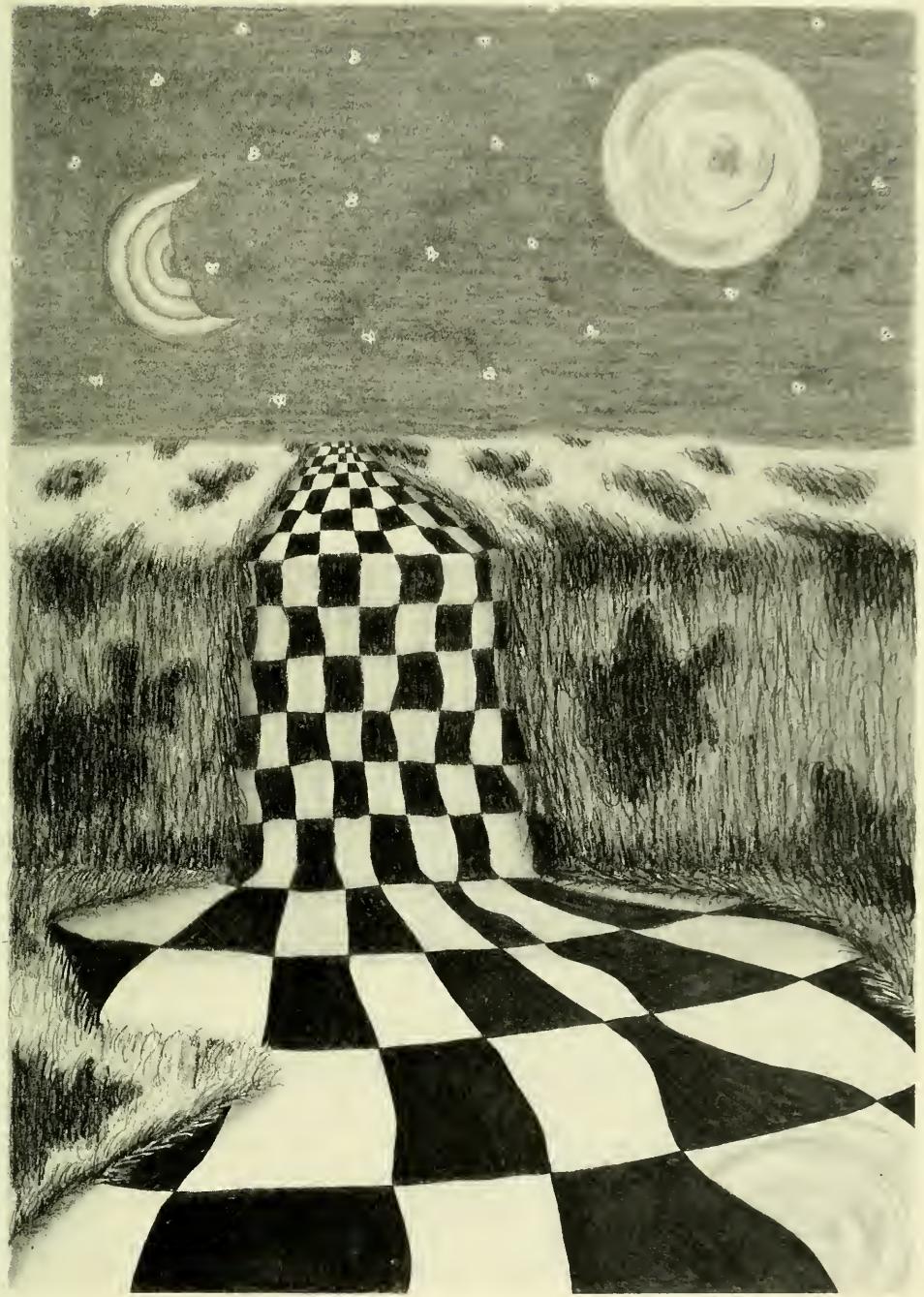
"Yeah." I picked up my purse and handed money to the waiter. "I don't need any change, thanks. Sorry about the laughing fits."

"A poem?"

"Nope." I stacked my empty glasses into a pyramid. "I wrote him a check."

Well, I thought about writing a check. For funeral expenses. Instead, I gave Dad a picture. Mom snapped it years ago when I was 4 or 5. The edges were bent because I used to sleep with it. At the fair, I sat on top of a pony, my red boots digging into its sides. Dad—giving me instructions—braced my back with one hand and pointed ahead.

--Anna M. Whalen



Jon Martin

Drawing

To Myra

Yesterday, I brought the books I promised
with a book-mark saying;
“Books Carry You From One World Into Another”
but you weren’t at school—
you made an early trip to the hospital,
so I kept them for your homecoming.

Two days ago you called me for comfort,
I regret what I said in trying to hide my fear
and temper yours:
that you would be in the best of hands,
that you would be home soon.
How could I have known?

Didn’t we have fun the day we made
“no-bake” cookies from our book?
Your blue lips and gray fingernails
were covered with delicious goo.

I can still feel your thin arms
wrapped around me that day when
the chaos in your other class
made you shake with fear.
I talked you into going back—
I wish I hadn’t let you go.

I wish I hadn’t bought that book-mark!

My breakfast is cold,
but it doesn’t matter.
What matters is the obituary
that bears your name:
Myra Garner

—Gloria Galloway

Separation

Anger
walks a haunted mile
in someone else's shoes;
toaster broke today,
basement's flooded,
the children whine—
they want their Daddy back.

Loneliness
lives a thousand nights
in someone else's dreams;
sheets are hot,
breasts perspire,
body aches
to fill the stifling void.

Fear
travels countless veins
in someone else's heart;
shadows dance,
ghosts converse,
the toaster breaks—
I want my anger back.

—Andi Jacoby

Sylvia's Fig Tree

Overwhelmed by a feeling like a fist
around my windpipe
. I hold my breath.

Memories play movies in my head:
Beginning with a father
 who I lived to please—
And a mother who begrudged us
That pleasure.

Suddenly, the child is a young woman:
 with boyfriends and weekend trips
 to their rooms.

Sometimes not even a room—
Sometimes one sticky night, being groped
In a car.

And the reams of paper that bloomed
 by my hand and drank
 the ink from my pen.

Villanelles and sonnets poured out,
And stories appeared on the pages
Without effort.

But still, the feeling pressed down.
The words never said enough.
The sticky nights left me hollow.

So I began to hold my breath—
And not long after, the Jar
 was lowered.

And crashed down.

Life rolled by, minor triumphs
meant nothing.
Still young, I felt I had seen it all.
And even though friends smiled
by with voiceless gesture,
I touched the smoothness of the glass,
and its coolness on my cheek,
Without air.

Marriage gave temporary comfort—
but left a thick film
and bonded the glass to the floor.

And now, alone in my kitchen,
the fist is like a noose
That tightens around my Jar—
offering comfort
In bits of glass.

—Heather McManaway



Armeal Thompson

Photograph



Jennifer Cox

Acrylic & Oil Painting

*The Observer
(or, A Nature Poem for Heather)*

Eyes look up, and
for a moment, brown
locked on blue;

the buck reversed
slowly, without
fear,

making his own
escape route.
In all

his splendor—
antlers dancing, a
coat rack

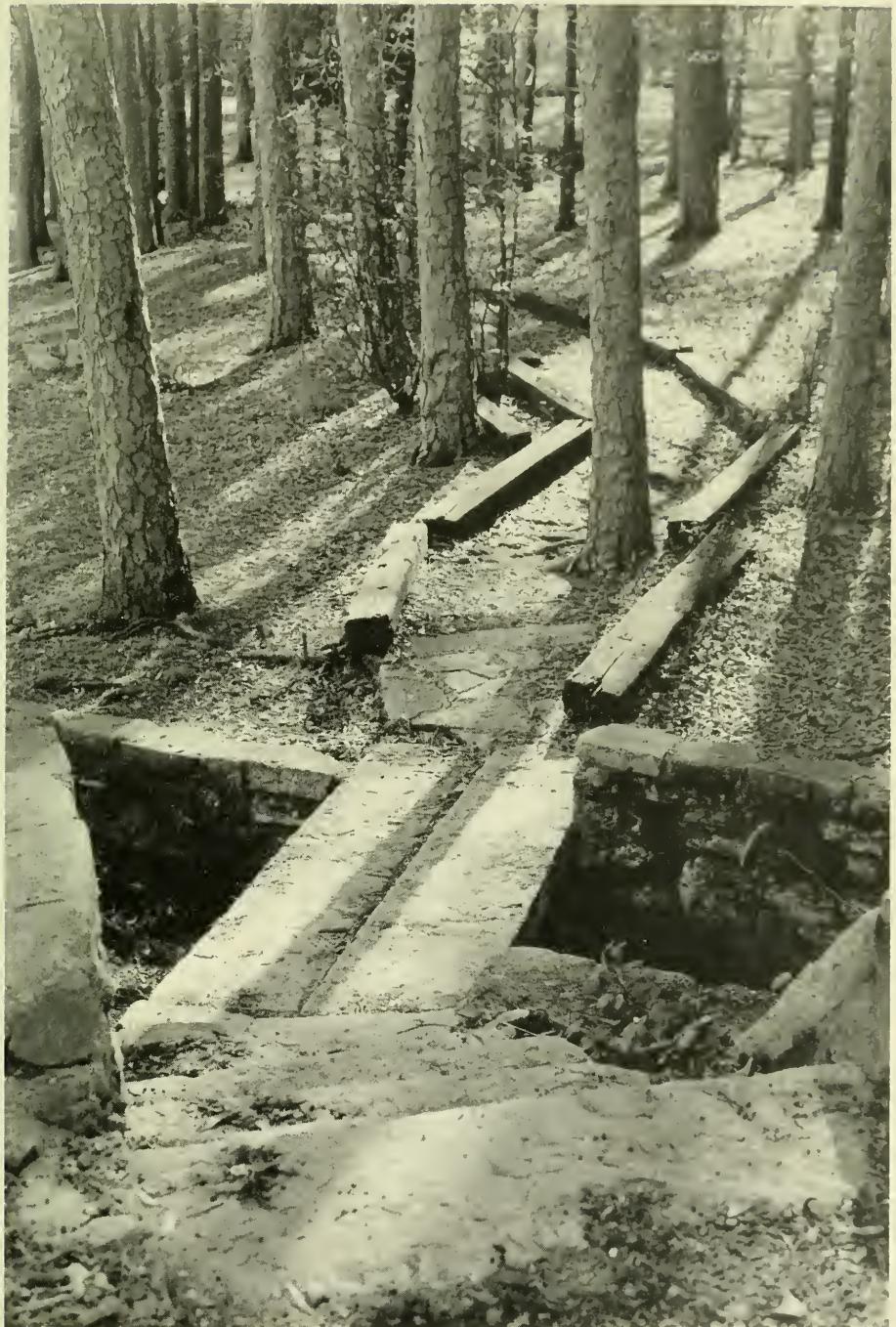
bobbing through the
woods. Man slowly
released

his breath,
awed to witness
the dance

yet grieved it
may never
touch

his life
again.

—Merry Lee Wentzky



Laurie Aguayo

Photograph

IVY LEAVES Staff 1994-95

Editorial: Andi Jacoby
Daryl McCord
Ricky Riendeau
Katherine Ross
Mary Nell Tysinger
Anna Whalen

Design: Julie Banker, Cover Design
Kimberly Elmore
Angela Martin
Brent Smith
Misty Taylor
Armeal Thompson
Joel Wightman

Faculty: Wayne Cox
Susan Wooten

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